

"You'll not give up the one thing you want for most of all even for a short forty days. You will not for go the best of everything with Lob Ad-nas, and the other things I possess, no, I know." She looked now her full heartily she had dared this, she said for more than for any other young man, and when her friend banteringly

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YOUNG MEN'S SUITS	5., 7.50, 10., 12.50, 15.
CHILD'S SUITS	1.50, 2.50, 3.50, 5.
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Men's Hats	1. to 2.50
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Guthrie Clothing Co.



repeated: "All the same, you will cut him for the next forty days," she had impulsively taken up the challenge and had treated him with studied coldness or had shunned him persistently for the following five or six weeks.

It fires one so to keep the arm stretched above the head, so she felt her hair drop in a white and leaves her forehead again the cool surface of the mirror. She is thinking of the miserable day that followed that hasty resolve to her own suffering had reverted to her love very much. He had loved her—her old Bob, who had seemed at first so grumpy and perplexed by her altered behavior, but after awhile had treated her with a coolness to make her cry. She did not see much of him during those weeks, and everything had seemed very dull and stupid. Now she had

come to the days to 1. The first day she had seen him, he had come to make it up with Bob on Easter morning.

The first church bells are ringing now, but she does not seem to hear them.

How dimly she had dreamed her self on that wished for morning, and with what a glad heart had she walked up the aisle to her pew, which was just in front of the Adamses', in which she sat. The flowers, the sunshine, and the back to her row, but then they were all merged into one sensation of happiness, and it was as if she had thought, "I'll speak to him after church and make it up."

The long service of last year had been in her mind to give her a hint to her surprise. The first day she had seen him, he had come to make it up with Bob on Easter morning.

Wait! The first day she had seen him, he had come to make it up with Bob on Easter morning.

"Why, of course you know Jeanette's engagement to Bob Adams. Isn't that the last night. Are you going my way?"

The last night of the year. The first day she had seen him, he had come to make it up with Bob on Easter morning. The first day she had seen him, he had come to make it up with Bob on Easter morning.

They were engaged to be married. The first day she had seen him, he had come to make it up with Bob on Easter morning.

On that morning she was reading to her mother when a card was brought up to her, and on it the name of Mr. Robert Adams.

Jeanette and Bob had lived abroad since their marriage, traveling from place to place, and the card was the first indication of their return.

How well she remembered how hard some Bob looked as he came forward to meet her when she entered the room. So it is again the awful leap of her heart as she met the glad, warm look in his eyes. All she could say was, "How is Jeanette?"

"Jeanette died in Rome," he answered gravely. "She bade me give this letter to you, and to give it on Easter Sunday morning. I arrived last night and had hoped to meet you first in church this morning. Missing you then I came on to the old home."

She took the letter from him and read it slowly. She remembers ev-

EASTER IN CAIRO

Observance of the Day Most Notable
Event of Year in the Egyptian
City

At the Great church in Cairo the observance of Easter is a most notable event of the year. A traveler who attended a service there has described it as a "goodly portion of the earth service was observed in the further depth of the church which is not a church. There was no light but the magnificent service but we could hear voices of the choir from the recesses of the cavern alternately chanting and singing in strange, unfamiliar accent.

During this part of the service the church was dimly lighted, and the curiously garbed figures moving through the gloom in the body of the church seemed singularly weird and incanny. At a given moment the lights were turned up, and even person in the audience halted his candle. The great dome reflected the myriads of lights until our eyes were almost blinded by the sudden glare.

"At this point the golden floor in the center of the church opened, and there came forth from the body of holies, into which no one may enter, a paragon of ambulatory splendor. A herald with staff in hand and wearing the dress of the native (re) declared the way. His short white skirt stood out like the gauze skirts of a ballet-dancer; he wore coral, white stockings, perforated above the knee, and a richly-embroidered red zouave jacket.

"Boys carrying incense burners preceded the patriarch, who was followed by acolytes, bishops, priests and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, all in full canonicals and each carrying a lighted candle.

The vestments of the venerable patriarch were gorgeous with gold embroidery and precious stones. Some of the dignitaries carried palm branches in their hands. On the two who were near the end of the procession, one carried an icon or sacred picture, the frame richly set in jewels, which he turned to the audience for veneration, while the other held in his hand a large Bible set with precious stones.

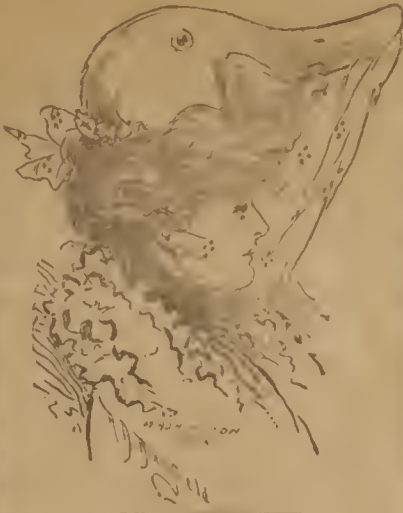
"Forth from the 'royal door' they came through the center of the church, and with slow and measured step made their way into the courtyard—a magnificent spectacle. The dignitaries gathered about the reading desk, while the patriarch recited the liturgy under the starry sky."—The Pilgrim.

AN EASTER REMEMBRANCE

Pretty Booklet Which Can Be Made
by Any Girl for a Friend at Very
Little Cost.

A pretty Easter remembrance can be made in the shape of a dainty booklet, containing an appropriate or helpful poem for your friend. These booklets may be made in two ways. The leaves and cover may be made twice the size of the page desired, then folded and stitched with silk cord or narrow ribbon and tied in a knot at the back. Or they may be cut into pages instead of leaves, holes punched at the back about an inch from the edge and a ribbon run through and tied. Cut sheets of the tinted paper to the shape and size you wish your book. Unruled tinted note paper, wholly out of place for correspondence, may be used to advantage, as it is ready of a suitable size. Other paper may be cut in long, narrow sheets, to be fastened at one end. The poem is to be written or typewritten, using as many pages as desired, but only one side of the paper. The booklet is to be decorated, and made of low material or low little to put on a page, select a picture or several of them suitable to the poem and mount them on pages of the same color. From any book cut a cover a little larger than the pages. On the front cover you may put a picture or a poem. Bind with ribbon. For more hints, see "Critic's Low," in the Woman's Home Companion.

A DUCK OF AN EASTER BONNET



Easter in Mexico.

A native Mexican Easter is a curious exhibition of ignorance and superstition. The people delight in processions and in weird ceremonies. At various places they enact passion plays which are very real to the Indians. The characters in the play carry out their parts with great realism. Until recently it was a common occurrence for a man to volunteer to be crucified, and actually to allow his ligoted countrymen to perform the awful act. The volunteer was a criminal, who, if he came out of the ordeal alive, received a full and free pardon. It is not infrequently reported that the man was killed, for he was made to ride with his face toward the tail of a mule, while the howling mob was privileged to beat him with sticks and stones.

Lady's waist of raspberry red taffeta, as given in the Chicago Daily News, with stock and chemisette of baby Irish lace and festoons of lace insertion. This smart mode is made over a fitted lining, the waist and



A TRIM MODEL.

sleeve puffs are tucked to give the appearance of box pants; and a novel shape applied yoke of the silk opens at the neck to reveal the tiny chemisette and high stock collar. Size 26 will require four and one-half yards of 21-inch silk five-eighths yard of 21-inch all-over lace and five yards of insertion for the development.

A Valentine Game.

A St. Valentine's post office is always good fun. Request each guest to bring an original valentine; prepare a pretty box with a hole in the top to receive the missives as the guests come in. Later in the evening have the valentines distributed promiscuously, each one to be read aloud, then guess who was the author. Partners are found for refreshments by a blind girl requesting each other's effusions.—Madame Menril.

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Talk With

HOFFMAN.

HOW MIRANDY GOT AHEAD.

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING.

Author of 'Little Stories of Married Life.'

(Copyright, by Joseph E. Bowles.)

Yes, my husband and I pulled neck and neck together to earn a living, all but once, and then I got ahead. I was always great on planning. No, you couldn't do the way I did. Marian, my daughter, she couldn't either. Things tag ups different.

I was brought up to work, but I never knew what work was till I moved out west with my husband. When he cut down logs, I helped haul 'em; when he built the cabin, I plastered it; after he'd planted, I hoed; and from then on there wasn't a penny earned but I'd helped to earn it.

We had only one child—you know what Marian is. She was just the same then—not big and large-boned like her father and me, but just white and light and dainty—never strong. Perhaps I'd kept all the strength for myself and hadn't any left to give her. But even when she was ailing it was no trouble to take care of her—and I planned for her. It was like living in the grandest story that was ever written to plan for Marian; and pulling neck and neck we'd thriven mighty well, so's as soon as she got big enough we sent her to a school in the east. She was our only child, and we sent her away from us; but it wasn't hard—nothing was hard, for we were planning for her; and we saved here and we gained there, and she had the best, and by and by Joseph sold this piece of land and that piece of land, and we came with the money to New York and he began to speculate in the stock market.

My, but the money flowed in! And for the first time my heart went dead tired. I sat in the hotel all day long—you know what a hotel bedroom is. I sat there all day long while he was down speculating, and tatted crazy work, tatted! I sat and tatted to keep 'rom thinking for I knew—! He was always giving me money for clothes. "Why don't you go out and buy you a camel's hair shawl?" says he, "and a black silk dress and a purple velvet bonnet." Land, I just put him off saying I'd do it. Nearly every day he gave me a roll of money and told me to buy clothes; but I bought nothing—for I knew. I never went out of the room till he came home, and then we'd take a walk together—he all

the time, and I was in the room, and he hear dead tired in me. I just the way I'd warn him I'd would for money, too, but he wouldn't hear to me now, so I shut my mouth. It was a good thing to know when to save our breath on a man.

No, my dear, you couldn't have put that money by and never used a penny—and neither did Marian. But there was something in me, something stronger than the money, I'd seen at the thought of it all it took by me. As my husband was away at night I was waiting and I knew. You can get ahead with a woman of the sort, if you only think you can. I made him and an old day at Marian's school, but I was alone.

Well, like a woman in a dream, I lived waiting—waiting for what was sure to come, and I came! It was called out in the streets while I sat by the marble-topped bureau tatted, and a woman I knew came in and said: "Oh, there's a smash up, an awful smash up in Wall street—maybe your husband's ruined." And I rose from my chair and I rolled up my tatted and I said: "Oh, if he is, I'm glad of it!" And I stretched my arms out with the first free feeling I'd had in four months.

"Glad!" says a woman and he looked as if I'd gone crazy. Perhaps I had.

Then I heard Joseph's step coming down the corridor, his big hat in his hand. When he came in his face was white as clay.

"Mirandy," he said, and stopped and stared at me; then he roared: "Oh, poor mother poor mother! You're smiling so I can't bear to tell you. We're ruined. I've lost every cent we had in the world!"

"Is that all?" said I. "Well, let's sit right down and plan what we'll do this summer." "Where will you go this summer?" says he, staring at me. "Can't you and—ah! We're ruined! Mirandy, Mirandy! We've got to be in again hoeing corn and binding shoes."

"Humph!" says I, "what you need is rest; you've been living on your nerve for four months. You and me'll go away to some nice quiet place in the country, and just rest up. And you want's time enough to turn around in, and you'll get on your feet again, easy. Just take time to turn around." "Who's to pay for it?" he says. "Oh, poor woman, your senses are gone!" and he hid his face in his hand. I went and pulled 'em down, and stuck a big roll of bills into 'em.

"Here," says I, "it's a thousand dollars. I've never spent any of what you

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have me. I've been planning we'd take a rest. Look up," says I "and laugh!" but he didn't laugh. He pulled me down onto his knee, and hid his old face with the gray beard on my shoulder. There ain't any clothes in the world could have evened up to that moment.

After that we pulled neck and neck, same as before, and we pulled clear out into the open. Spending's a fine thing—but saving's finer, when you can do it—you couldn't, nor Marian—behaving up's different.

Get out that checker-board, for the pain's tuning up again, and I'm planning to beat you at a game of checkers. Playin' checkers is a sight better than grumblin'.

The government of Turkey is called in diplomatic language the Sublime Porte. The origin of the term is in the oriental custom of administering justice at the gates of the palace. In time the phrase became synonymous with the government itself. Trojan councils were held in the gates of Priam's palace, and Xenophon calls the Persian court "the Gate." Mohammed II, founder of the present Ottoman empire and sultan from 1451 to 1481, styled his capital "The Lofty Gate of the Royal Tent." Through French, the language of diplomacy, "Lofty Gate" became "Sublime Porte."

A Mining Camp Verdict

By REX E. BEACH

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph E. Bowles.)

Buckhurst and Thomas lashed their bleeding dogs up the steep bank, pausing before the door of a log cabin.

Howling curs swarmed from the village roofs, while out from the low tunnels crawled tattered, fur-clad Eskimo children and silent women. From the abutment a wrinkled old man tottered, speaking guttural words of welcome to the newcomers.

"Here's a go, pal!" said Buckhurst, as he unlashed the bulging sled. "It's all squaws and kids. I wonder where the bucks are."

"Dunno, and what's more, I don't care!" replied Thomas. "What I want is something to eat, and mighty quick, too."

In halting words and eloquent gestures the old chief explained that the men had gone hunting and would not return for many days.

"He says the grub is gone and they're all starving."

"Serves 'em right!" grumbled the other, as he strained at the heavy grub-box. "They'd ought to work summers and lay up a grub-stash. 'Spose now, they want to eat ours, that we've hauled 300 miles. Well, we'll fool

em!"

As Buckhurst prepared the welcome meal within, willing hands brought wooden bowls of water from the distant hole, while old women, weak with hunger, mutely laid offerings of dried chips, grass and driftwood for the fire.

Weeks before hunger had stilled the childish laughter of the village and teething babes sucked at rattle-things, while the elders gnawed on bits of bone and salmon fins which promised nourishment.

Thomas, knife in hand, sliced thin strips of bacon for the pan, while Chief Joe eagerly gathered the moldy rinds and apportioned them among the mothers, who muttered to the skin-clad infants in their arms.

Soon a fragrant steam of cooking food, of boiling coffee and frying meat, filled the low room. Children cried softly, while the squaws stirred uneasily and moistened their lips.

Unmindful of the hungry sounds, Buckhurst and Thomas voraciously fell to and noisily cleaned up dish after dish.

The low door swung back to admit a stooping figure, which straightened up showing the tall form and clean-shaven features of a white man.

"How are you, gentlemen? I judged from your sled outside that there were strangers stoping here."

"All right, Matka!" he called through the door. "Hook the dogs, we'll lie over here till to-morrow."

"Yes, captain," came back from outside.

Where ye from?" questioned Buckhurst.

"I stowed down from Dawson and bound in the new strike at Faro mountain."

"That's where we're goin'," said Thomas. "We're from St. Michaels."

Matka entered at this moment from his care of the dogs, and with famished face stared curiously at the vanishing food.

Captain cleared his throat uneasily. "We had an accident down the coast," he began; "Matka upset my sled in an ice crevice and lost all the outfit. Fortunately we saved a little flour and some seal oil that I brought along for dog feed. We've traveled 200 miles on that diet, and if it isn't asking too much, gentlemen, I'd like to buy enough of your grub to last me and my boy here to Faro mountain. I'm simply famishing for something to eat."

"We ain't got any more grub than we want," said Thomas.

"Yes," echoed Buckhurst, "we've hauled this grub clear from St. Michaels, and we want what there is of it ourselves."

The hungry newcomer smiled a rank, ingenuous smile, while his voice took on a gentle tone.

"Gentlemen, you don't seem to realize what it is to hit the trail on an empty stomach. I haven't eaten for two days and this cold bites hard. Name your price. You can get more grub at Faro, and—"

"No! I don't know what it is to go hungry and don't intend to learn, either!" roughly interjected Buckhurst, emboldened by the other's apparent timidity.

Then he paused abruptly.

A big black six-shooter had leaped to the stranger's hand and lay carelessly therein.

With a sharp gasp of incredulity Thomas instinctively shoved his hands forward till his heels left the floor.

Buckhurst, pipe in hand, with gaping jaws, rose stiffly back to the wall.

"Fortunately I am not a quick-tempered man," purred he of the dulcet tones, "or I'd injure you curs! Don't try any quick movements. This gun has the easiest trigger I ever saw, and I was born with the gift of marksmanship."

"Face the wall, both of you," commanded the stranger. "Hands up! Now, Matka, divide that grub. Half and half you savvy? Two piles, all same."

With an alacrity born of hunger the grubs obeyed.

"Matka, tell the squaws to hitch up the strangers' dogs; they're going to cave in a few minutes."

"Now get into your clothes," commanded Captain.

"It's your turn now," growled Buckhurst, "but if I don't get ye some day, I hope I rot!"

The sled shot down the bank to the dim trail which wound like a thread along the gleaming coast, and without a look behind at the row of curious faces they plunged into the silent cold.

"I say again, we must maintain law and order."

The governor paused and gazed at the bearded population of Faro Mountain, which had assembled at the Northern saloon. He continued:

"These strangers have been robbed of that which is more precious in this desolate country than gold—their food."

"Long ago we formed regulations governing this camp, which read, immediately following the section referring to the return of stray dogs, as follows: 'Any person or persons convicted of stealing grub or provisions of any kind shall be publicly whipped at the post in front of the A. C. company's store, and forced to leave camp 12 hours thereafter.'"

"Therefore as it is your pleasure to carry out the letter of our law, as chairman of this meeting, I will appoint Mr. Barton Kid Sullivan and Brooky Dick to execute the sentence upon the accused, if he should have the temerity to appear among us."

"This meeting is adjourned."

A man opened the door, closed it carefully behind him and said in a

use voice Here they come!

The committee fled to the bar and backed against it while the eager crowd pressed forward along the walls and grouped themselves behind the tables.

The door opened boldly and a man entered, followed by a native. Barton sprang toward him with a cry, and, grasping his hand, wrung it fiercely.

"Why, Cap! Is it you, Cap? Where did you come from? Come here and let me look at you, Charley! This is a good sight! and dragging the smiling visitor by the arm, he brought him toward the light, where the rest of the committee stood bewildered.

"Yes, I'm Charley, all right!" answered the other.

He felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, while the pitted visage of Brocky Dick was thrust before his eyes.

"Guess ye don't remember 'Brocky,' do ye? Ye ain't forgot that day at White Horse rapids, when ye dragged me off them rocks half-drowned, have ye? Well, I ain't! Put her there!" and turning to the indignant onlookers, he said, "Gents, they's a vacancy on this here committee from now on!"

"Me, too," cried Barton. "I resign my place!"

"What's the trouble?" said Captain, scanning the angry faces surrounding him, then, spying the hairy front and sneering eyes of Buckhurst and Thomas

"Ah! Looking for more trouble are you?"

"That's him!" loudly proclaimed Buckhurst "I want to know what this camp's goin' to do with this here strong-arm man!"

The governor mounted a chair and began

"Gentlemen, a miscarriage of justice seems imminent. Two of our committee have refused to act, and as chairman of the recent meeting, I will appoint in their places 'Big Mike' and 'Mi Jones of Australia.'"

To Matka's questioning eyes, the treble of stubborn faces boded trouble. He loosed his knife in its sheath, and king his place beside Captain, "ched with wary glances for a hostile sign.

"Yes! I held you up," said Captain; but I was starving, and you refused me grub."

"Don't ye believe him!" yelled Buckhurst, while a murmur of disbelief sounded from the crowd. "He just walked in on us and took it."

"You lie!" Captain's voice cooed soft and clear.

At the words the crowd, dividing, scrambled hastily toward the walls out of range leaving Captain and Buckhurst facing each other.

The governor tactfully cleared his throat and began:

"Sir, you have admitted that you robbed these men at the point of a gun. You can't expect us to believe that these gentlemen refused food to a hungry 'musher.'"

"Sure. That don't go," scoffed a bearded bystander. "I reckon you've about had your little say."

"Well, I haven't had my little say," murmured Captain. "I want you to hear the truth of this matter."

"The truth!" said the governor. "I don't see why we'd ought to take your word any more than these other fellows. Who are ye anyhow?"

"He's Charley Captain," chorused Barton and the "Kid." "You've all heard of Captal, squarest mau on the rukon. You Dawson men remember he rescue of the Porcupine party, don't ye?"

A murmur of surprise greeted the remarks and men looked curiously at the hero of many wintry tales, while in a respectful silence he briefly told of his meeting with the two at the village.

A yellow mackinaw gleamed above the crowd while the voice of Big Mike roared: "Meeting will come to order!"

"Governor, you're chairman. Now, I move ye that the committee transfers its affectionate attentions to them two skunks!"

"Second the motion!" cried the camp in one voice.

"Carried!" shouted Mike.

As the governor says, we're goin'

to protect the law an' order here during the bloomin' growth of our buddin' camp, and we ain't got room for fellers like you. See! You git! Meeting is adjourned."

As he stepped down from his chair, he continued: "Well, governor, maybe t ain't accordin to Roberts' 'Rules and Parliament Practice,' but it's accordin' to Alaska."

"And Hoyle," added Jones, the dealer, while in the chorus of laughter the door closed on the figures of Buckhurst and Thomas

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SURRENDERED HIS CLAIM

By ANNIE B. HOUSEMAN

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It was a rough road in the Blue Ridge range away up in that part of North Carolina where there is little more of civilization than is found in any typical mountain country, but the fact was scarcely noticed by the man whose jog-trotting little Jenny meandered stolidly along.

They were a peculiarly well-mated pair, this man and beast. To a close observer they bore each other a resemblance. Most likely it was a similarity in their dispositions, though I had to absolve Hall Jenkins from the little creature's inherited characteristics for while he was humble and patient and stolid and stupid, he was possessed of no very marked will-power, and was all more than fully the making of "stubbard as a pole."

It was growing warm and Jenny was getting tired as they had come ten miles from Lowell and it was a long part of the day and though she could trot that her speed had been put on this rocky road, Jenny was making a rather meandering little stream that they should be hearing, and if her steps were slower, they were quite decided while her ears flew forward and backward more rapidly.

The rider did not perceive this. He was thinking of the rude little hut that was his home, and the pretty wife who awaited him and the child. How pleased she would be with the early real red-striped sticks—and the bright little dress he had bought for her! He remembered so vividly that day he met Liza and the child at the Lowell fair.

The little one was trotting along and prattling so cunningly that he gave her some candy, after which she became so friendly that she insisted upon him being her escort to see the pigs and horses. Of course he was delighted at the opportunity of meeting Liza and her parents, and soon they were good friends.

After this Jenny often made the trip to Lowell, which fact explains her thorough knowledge of the road; and one day, Hall never knew how it happened, but he promised to be his wife's faithful servant in search of an old man to ask her consent for this kind of thing. He is conducted about the same way



C. M. E. Sunday School Officers and Teachers

Alexander Bowen, Supt.,

Interior View of Church

Miss Wellsie Davis, Sec'y.

the world over.

The old man had coughed, and, easing himself around in the chair, spat quite far off the little portico; then crossed and recrossed his legs several times, and drawled out:

"Waa-l, ya-ass, I reckon so—but ye know Liza do be fond o' the chile. I guess ye be 'lowin' to take 'em both?"

Hall smiled now to remember that he grew almost angry at this, and replied that he would not dream of separating them, even if Liza should be willing.

"Waa-l, ye see, I 'low'd as how ye'd better know that we uns don't know what the chile's father be an'—fur as our love for Liza goes, don't give a darn, we loves 'em both, an' is glad on 'em, but ef you an' her is sot on

each other an' you've a mind to take 'em an' treat 'em white all right. But long as I live I 'lows to see 'em well treated."

Hall expressed the proper gratitude and went back to Liza. Soon he took her to his little home and provided her with all the rude comforts possible, and right happy she seemed to be, and the child was a constant joy.

True, she was not his own but she was Liza's, and so was his, and in his weekly visits to town he never forgot to bring a gift with which to win from her a delighted cry and a hearty hug.

Jenny was very near her goal now, and at the sight of its shining face, jogged up a few steps and waded in with evident delight. She went

in up to her knees, and stretched her short neck out to drink as she went a little deeper, while Hall pulled his feet up on her back.

Truly, this was a cool, pleasant place, and between drinks Jenny eyed a merrily a shady spot beside the road under some large trees. Verily, this was a good place to rest, but Hall would not care to stay here long; he knew of a much more promising resting place further on, where there would be loving hands to welcome, and a nice dinner to refresh the inner man. Poor Jenny! her reasoning could not reach so far; she had found a nice cool place, that just suited her, and when Hall finally urged her to move on, she stepped a little further and re-estimated her fore feet decidedly

A look of sunny despair spread over Had's face. He knew better. More than once he had seen Jenny plant herself just so with the result that Had walked on home, after a long pulling, wheezing and cursing, leaving her to remain motionless for a while. But never before had the circumstances been like this.

Hall groaned and earned a little and tried persuasion and a few blows which lacked emphasis because he knew them to be so. But at last, very patient, he decided to just sit here awhile—possibly Jimmy would relent ere long.

They were in a truly ridiculous position, at least it seemed so to the men whose horse walked well groomed & changed from the indigent state where they had seemed to take in the situation easily.

Hall, who had decided to get down and walk, turned sharply to the saddle and headed in the wrong way, a sure recipe for disaster. They returned, each, to a few moments of rest, and renewed the absurdity of the thing, both turning into a happy glow that made the woods seem a far more cheerful place to see the world.

The stranger was a tall, lank, but well-made man of about 34. He was comfortably dressed and wore his boots and a slouch hat. His face was noticeable for large, dark eyes and a heavy brown mustache. Around his waist were deposited a brace of revolver, and a knife.

"Wall, frien'," he called "guess yer need he'p. Been thar long?"

"Naw," answered Hall, "not very; but I doan guess nobody kin he'p me much. I'll ha'f ter wade an' walk it."

The stranger rode into the stream, almost touching Jenney as he halted, and they began discussing ways and means. They had about decided to transfer Hall to the other side on the horse, and then attaching Jenney's bridle to the horse's girth try pulling; when lo! there was a gentle whinny from Jenney as she moved up to the stranger's saddle-bags and began sniffing.

"By jingo!" cried Hall.

"Nothin' better," drawled the stranger, as he knowingly looked at Hall and moved on across the stream.

Jeune followed the scent of corn and oats, and by the judicious use of a few handfuls was coerced on her way as stolidly and jog trottingly as ever.

When they were fairly started Hall thanked the stranger, who said, hastily

"Not 't all," and they went on a few paces in silence, then the stranger said, indifferently: "Be n to Lowell?"

"Yaas."

"Na aw, nothin' particular, 'ceptin' Ben Reubin's gang's been out ag'in, and no hope o' catchin' o' 'em."

"What they been at this time?"

"Got one o' their pards out o' Lowell jail, I believe, an' ho'ped 'emself to horses."

"Gittin' kinder bad, air they?"

"So they say," answered Hall, lightly, "but they doan bother me, seems how I doan believe nobdy'd have Jenney."

Both men laughed.

"Naw," said the stranger, decidedly, with a peculiar inflection, "I doan think ye need to be a-scar'd. Jenney'd be a right dangerous animule fur the gang."

Again they rode in silence. Hal was not much of a talker, but soon the stranger spoke with true mountain distinctness:

"An' what may be yer name, fr'en'
an' how fur be ye goin' this road?"

If this question was unpleasantly personal and pointed, the honest Hal did not feel it, but answered, readily:

"I keep the straight road after you reach the Pikeville fork, and go on about four mile. My name's Hall Jenkins, and I call my place Happy Hollow, but Liza, my wife, 'low, Sleepy Hollow 'd suit it best," and Hall's pale blue eyes smiled into the mustached man's brown ones, the

THE MT. STERLING CORNET BAND



James Hathaway, A. M., M. D.

Prof. James S. Hathaway is a graduate of Berea College and also of the State Medical College of Louisville, Ky. After his graduation from Berea, he was given a chair in his alma mater, which he held for quite awhile. When he left Berea, he accepted the superintendency of the City Schools of Maysville, where he taught for several years; He was then elected dean of the Normal school at Frankfort, Ky which position he now holds with credit to himself and an honor to

the state. Through his efforts and by his on the General Assembly he has placed it on a level with the other normal schools of this country. It was he who had its name changed to the Normal and Industrial Institute of Kentucky. The girls' dormitory when completed will be the best building of its kind in the state. He was Pres. of the State Teacher's Association for several years. He is a thorough scholar, a hard student and a Christian gentleman.

were filled now with a strangely hostile gleam.

"So" ye be married—who'd ye marry?"

Hall's smile widened perceptibly
"Miss Liza Hutch up at Lowell - we
been married now three months

"Hush!" shouted the stranger.

where he took teeth from the deep
into his lion. The was a danger
gleam in his eyes now said his heart
played in his mouth. He felt
glanced at the lion. Certainly
there was something to be
kind looked at the lion. He
had a feeling. It had a great heart.

and the only one that was completely
re-housed and modernized, and free
from the numerous problems that
there kept a painful war experi-
ence.

Then I guess yer've got to be little
n' go on ch' the good, good

(b) yes — the Hall, a jolly
purty little joy she is, too.

The other men in the crowd, and once more once again that vague feeling was a reminder that there was a little trickery about the stranger and to know of the little one but he never thought of asking the strange was not too, in evidently his thought were not happy one for in the depths of the crown eyes could see a cruel, a story of a dream.

[illegible]

Don't fail to read our ad

Don't fail to read and ad



M. W. ANDERSON

M. W. Anderson is the proprietor of a large grocery and restaurant on East Main Street. He was for a number of years chief clerk for the firm Howe & Johnson. After the death of Mr. Howe the senior member of the firm, he had complete control of the concern until the business was all wound up. Since that he has been conducting business for himself. Mr. Anderson is quite a business gentleman. He buys his goods direct and is therefore able to compete with all merchants. He has his own livery and orders are readily dispatched to any part of the city.



SILAS BURNS

Silas Burns is an electrical engineer. His calling is one that is rare—answered by a Negro. His knowledge of electricity and his ability to handle it has been so thoroughly demonstrated to his employers that they do not hesitate to give him recommendations that place him on a level with the best electrical engineers of the State. Mr. Burns has been in the employ of the Old Kentucky Telephone Co. at this place for a number of years. He is often called to other towns to special assistance in his line of work. He is also Tenor Soloist in the Mt. Sterling Cornet Band.



E. W. STOCKTON

E. W. Stockton is a tailor by trade. He has one of the most complete shops and offices in this end of the State. His work is all done under a strict guarantee—No fit no pay. His shop is heated and lighted with Natural Gas, and is fitted up with the latest improvements. He has the trade of the leading merchants and up-to-date dressing men of the city. His wife frequently helps him and besides her, he has two men regularly employed. He owns a lovely cottage on East Locust Street, handsomely finished on the outside and completely furnished inside.



ISAAC BELL

Isaac Bell is a machinist. He had charge of the machinery department of the Star Planing Mill of this county a long time. When he left that mill he took charge of the McComick Lumber Co.'s Planing Department where he has been the foreman in the machinery department for many years. His work competes with the work of the factories of this county and in many instances excels it. His ability to get out bills according to plans and specifications has never been excelled in this town. His skill and ability has been worth much to his employers. His service is always in demand.

I got up, and seeing he hadn't finished I started off full tilt with my arms doubled up over my face. I made for the lagoon and went in up to my neck. He stopped at the water, for he hated getting his feet wet, and began to make a shindy, something like a peacock's, only hoarser.

"I won't tell you all the little devices I tried to get that bird 'round again. I simply can't. It makes my cheek burn with shame even now to think of the snubs and buffets I had from this infernal curiosity. I tried starving him out and struck fishing, but he took to picking along the beach at low water after worms, and rubbed along on that.

"I shouldn't like to say how long that went on. I'd have killed him sooner, if I'd known how. However, I hit on a way of settling him at last. It is a South American dodge. I joined all my fishing lines together with stems of seaweed and things, and made a stoutish string, perhaps 12 yards in length, or more, and I fastened two lumps of coral rock to the ends of this. It took me some time to do, because every now and then I had to go into the lagoon or up a tree, as the fancy took me. This I whirled rapidly 'round my head, and then let it go at him. The first time I missed, but the next time the string caught his legs beautifully, and wrapped 'round them again and again. Over he went. I threw it standing waist-deep in the lagoon, and as soon as he went down, I was out of the water and sawing at his neck with my knife.

"With that tragedy, loneliness came upon me like a curse. Good Lord, you can't imagine how I missed that bird! I sat by his corpse and sorrowed over him, and shivered as I looked 'round the desolate reef. I thought of what a jolly little bird he had been when he was hatched, and of a thousand pleasant tricks he had played before he went wrong.

"I couldn't think of eating him, so I put him in the lagoon, and the little fishes picked him clean. I didn't save even the feathers. Then, one day, a chap cruising about in a yacht had a fancy to see if my atoll still ex-



Main Office of E. W. Stockton, The Tailor.

isted.

"He didn't come a moment too soon for I was about sick enough of the desolation of it.

"I sold the bones to a man named Winslow—a dealer near the British museum. It was only after his death they attracted attention. They called 'em Aepyornis—what was it?"

"Aepyornis vastus," said I.

WHEN THE BABY CAME ALONG.

I thought 'twas hard—the tolin', the tide a-pullin' strong. But I shouted "Hail, hail!" when he came a-ong. He coaxed me back to you, 'tho' I was a livin' soul. I was happy, folks, I tell you. Baby came a-ong.

For all the dreary winter for all the skies so dim,
I seemed to see my mother in the twinkling eyes of him;
An' a thousand sweetest flowers in deserts seemed to throng
An' I heard the blue bird singin' when the baby came a-ong.

Lord bless that little Baby—the best one in the bunch!
He's got there, in the springtime just a-wedding in the branch
An' G'ave him the pleasure of the night above the wrong
We were layin' with our measure, when the Baby came a-ong!
—Adapted Constitution.

The Definition of the Defeated.

She—And so you think I'm a coquette. Why, I don't believe you know what a coquette is.

He (bitterly)—A coquette is a wom-

an who syndicates her affections—Life.

The Retort Courteous.

Muriel—Paul told me last night I was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Jessie—Oh, that's nothing. Why, he said the same to me last year.

"I know, but his taste has improved since then, you know." Cassell's

Compromise.

She—I am sorry, Mr. Jones, that I cannot accept your affection.

He—Then all you have to do my dear madam, is to return it.—Baltimore American.



REV. J. T. WHEELER

Rev. J. T. Wheeler is the pastor of the Mt. Sterling Baptist Church. He has a membership of 100 and a membership of 100. He has only been the pastor for a short time, but his influence is reaching far and wide. He is a very much needed man in this building. During his tenure, a membership has been taken care of. Brother Wheeler is up to the methods of pastoring and in no money. His sermons are very interesting and full of the spirit. Since his pastorate, he has made some very necessary improvement in his church. He is not only respected by his own members and congregation, but the whole community. His fame as a gospel minister has already gone out.



Easter Goblins.

Novelties in the Easter egg have been made out of eggs. For the purpose the contents of an egg are removed through a hole in one end, and on the shell is painted a picture. Then with a little imagination and arms are added, and the egg is ready for use. The effect is very good. Equally good is the "egg roller" which is made by rolling the egg through an opening in a board, so that the contents are scattered at the other end. The contents have been painted on the egg, so that the picture is not disturbed.



Officers and Teachers of Evergreen Baptist Church Sunday School

JAMES STEWART, Supt.

ELIZABETH SETTLES, Secy

What Easter Owes to Good Friday

BY CHARLES WAGNER, author of "The Simple Life."

LOVE EASTER, with its tranquil certitude that death is not the end. It is a brightness of the soul more than of the brightness of the day, more evident than the light of the sun. I wish that I could carry into all hearts filled with mourning, a ray of that divine dawn.

Why do so many Christians fail to catch the vivifying message of this royal day? It is because they do not know what Easter owes to Good Friday. The story of Easter is not directly accessible to us. It is a story that must pass through the "via dolorosa." Such is the teaching of the Scriptures, and life confirms and illustrates the Scriptures. Superficial man sees the spirit of God in the miracle that rends the rock of the tomb into fragments, and he reaches out his hand to grasp the miracle; but the tomb is empty. The Christian soul throughout the year is not thus deceived. It says, "From the Cross, the

light came. Tell me, brother, that thou canst not believe in the resurrection. Then dost thou not astonish me beyond measure? Thou art the Christ die? And those who, like thee, are the love of others? Hast thou felt the greatness of the sacrifice for God, for justice? Hast thou wished to be like them? If these things are unknown to thee, canst thou discern the Easter message? Thou hast not yet come to hear that light.

The miracle of life is terrible. In our nights, in our struggles, in our supreme struggles, show us not the Risen, but the Crucified One! It is from His dead eyes that the dawn of Easter is kindled. To die as He died, to die that we may live, to spell the unknown Verb of the true life. There is no other school to liberate men from the hideous chains of their slaveries, and from the most awful of all—their death. There is no other school that does this but the school of the Cross.

If thou wouldst bathe thy soul in the victorious light of Easter, know this: Easter is the supernatural light of Good Friday the night of anguish, from whose bosom the light comes on the air, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Do not misapprehend—this light comes from that darkness. There in the thick darkness, opens the door into the light that cometh not with observation.

O Christ! It is Thy spirit which is the Resurrection and the life! Have pity upon us who are children in the night. Thou Who hast trod the dust of our earth! Thou Who hast come through our twilights! Thou Who hast lain with the dead, that the tomb might be less dark! Holy Victim of our Man of Sorrows! May the Father Who sent Thee to our eyes. May our souls across our earthly symbols be granted a glimpse of Thine in the resurrection.

And tell us words of life, Thou Who art life eternal, and the awakening in our torpor, in our lassitude! The trumpet of morning through the night of our

And in this Easter time may all that is divine in us thrill with the holy inspiration against death and all its consequences, and for life and all its alliances. Amen.

Youth's Companion

To Tell How German Eggs Is.

Easter eggs have no need to look at, some other means of decoration. Their age must be used to prevent the possibility of catastrophe at the Sunday morning breakfast table. This method is a good one. It is a quarter of a pound of cold water and from one to two at a time. If a day old egg is set in the water, it will float; if more than one day old it will sink. It will rise a few days after it is set in the water. The quantity of eggs makes a good one. The paper, place the egg in the water at a time in the water and let it float through the small end of the egg. If the contents look like a good one, good, though the shell is not colored, it spots are seen in a red color.

In Portugal.

The Portuguese devote their churches in the most gorgeous manner for Easter, and the services are especially elaborate. Children are employed, and from the richest to the poorest all girls are dressed in snowy white. The people celebrate Easter by a practice known as "biting," commemorative of our Saviour's rising from the grave. Three or four persons take hold of each other's leg of one of their friends, or a stranger, for that matter, and lift him or her up three times in a horizontal position. Sometimes the person is done in a chair lined with white cloth and decorated with ribbon.

Easter in the Philippines.

Easter in the Philippines, an Asiatic archipelago is much more of a festival than it is in the country. All of Easter week in that part of the world is a holiday, and Easter Sunday is given up to jollification. On the morning of Eastern day there are religious processions with many gorgeous and striking accessories, headed by bands of music, followed by acolytes bearing crosses, wreaths of flowers and banners with poems in Spanish. Then come the images of saints, with picturesquely attired frames of acolytes, orders bringing up the rear. The afternoon is given up to the religious processions, among which the most striking occupy a prominent place.

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Saturday, April 14 1906

Second Milestone

"Through the cycle of the globe,
We pass into a brighter day;
Better fifty years in Europe,
Than a cycle in Cathay."

This issue marks the Second Mile Stone the Reporter has passed since its debut in the journalistic arena. As we look back over its career it is gratifying to us to know that it has not been used to promote the selfish end of any individual or individuals. It has been the highest aim of the management of its columns to give to its readers first Editorials that are instructive as well as interesting. While we speak of the race we do not fail to tell our people of their needs as well as of their accomplishments. In the selection of subjects we have tried to let them grow out of the needs of our people. Second—We have published in our news columns the doings of our people as reported to us by our correspondents without friend or favor. We

have not only tried but have succeeded up to this issue; in not being in not being identified in any news paper broils, which in our mind is degrading. Sectarianism, creeds and dogmas have not been known to our columns. We have not striven to serve a part of our people, but all of them. We have not striven so much to condemn vice, but it has been our highest aim to reward virtue and leave vice out in the cold. If we have made any progress since we passed our first mile stone, we alone are not responsible; but we are willing to give the credit and praise to God and our patrons. We hope not to be classed among the news paper braggarts; but we are willing to take an humble place in the journalistic ranks, and do with our might what our hands find to do. We've tried not to make the breach between the races any wider, but if possible to bring them closer together. In doing this we have not advocated social equality but simply contended for a fair deal in a business way. We have not waved the bloody shirt nor hoisted the black flag at any time, unless we were forced to do it. We have as best we could complimented the good and condemned the wrong. In our next issue we will start for another milestone; and as we clear the port we want to reassure you, that it shall be with us as in the future as it has been in the past. We will serve you to the best of our ability, and above all we will do and say the right as God gives us power and knowledge to see and know the the right; then trusting your loyalty to a good cause and believing in the justice of our cause; we say, all Hail!

The Negro 'aint no fool'

All of us are not fools if we do have fits. The Negroes like other

men are learning to scratch the fellows back that scratches his. There was a time when they were unable to resent an insult and when they felt that so long as their cheek was not smitten nor their house hold offended that they were alright but after learning the cardinal truths about union, they think differently and act differently. And now they say for as much as you do it unto the least of us you have done it unto us all. There are some in this town who do not give them credit for having that much sense but it is true just the same. It matters not how worthy an enterprize a Negro is engaged in there are some of the other class who consider it beneath their dignity to patronize him. Then there are other white merchants and businessmen who patronize the Negro in business in proportion to the amount of trade they receive from them. Every true Negro not only in this town but in all towns will see to it that he spends his money with the class of merchants who prove they appreciate and want his trade. Whatever you do do not have to fall out with a man to stop dealing with him but when he asks you about it just tell him you have decided to scratch the fellows back who scratch yours. We have given every merchant in this town a chance to ask you for your patronage and yet there are some who by their open refusal to advertise with us they don't want your trade. You read our columns regularly and there are some whose business you have never seen advertised. Why? Because they don't want your trade and when ever you go into their places you are going where you have not been asked. It is true we do not spend much because we do not have much, but whenever we have anything to spend let us be sure to spend it with the merchants who appreciate our trade.



N. W. MAGOWAN



J. D. MAGOWAN

A LENTEN SACRIFICE

By GEORGE BROOKS

WILL I knock 'em cold will I? Ask me." Mr. Jhonnie Farley, the night engineer of the state asylum, took another long, lingering look in the mirror and bestowed another loving pat on his new necktie.

His roommate, Timmy Lawrence, walked around critically and took another look at Mr. J. Farley's necktie. "You got 'em skinned to death, John," said Mr. Lawrence, with the air of one having authority.

"You're right," went on Mr. J. Farley. "You see, Timmy, I couldn't afford to blow in a lot of dough on a new Easter suit like all the rest of these dudes around here have done. But, Timmy, I know a lot about dressing, and I know that you can have a pretty bum suit, but if you've got a peachy necktie people will just keep their eyes on that and won't notice the clothes. So I piked around town the other afternoon, and I piked out the smoothest thing in the necktie line that there was. When people get a flash of this necktie of mine, say, they won't think of anything else. It'll kill 'em dead. Say, ain't it a wonder?"

Mr. Lawrence allowed that it was, and Mr. Farley, after another look at the necktie which was so gorgeous that it would have made Joseph's coat of many colors look like a dish rag, was about to take a turn around the asylum grounds before breakfast when Luke Lavin, the electrician, entered.

"Say, Jack," said Luke, "I'm up against it."

"Why?" queried Mr. Lawrence, turning so that the full broadside of his wonderful necktie was flashed all at once upon the astonished gaze of the electrician.

"Out of sight," said Mr. Lavin. "Looks like a peacock's tail."

"What's the trouble?" asked the proud owner of the Easter necktie.

"I'll tell you," went on the electrician. "You ought to be interested, too. You've been making eyes at that little white faced Thomas girl that's been here a couple of weeks helping in the office. You know the women attendants here in the asylum always color a half dozen eggs or so apiece every Easter morning for our breakfast and we takers got up a prize this time to go to the one who colored the prettiest eggs."

PICNIC

Philosophy of the
1911 G. L. O. of O. F.
a grand picnic July 10.
get ready now for the
grandest affair of the season.



ELD. MILUS CRITTENDEN

Eld. Milus Crittenden is a Christian minister. He pastored the county and surrounding country for a number of years. He was quite a success as a pastor and financier in this part of the state. He recently answered a call to the charge of one the leading Christian churches of the state at Hopkinsville, Ky. He has only three months charge for about four weeks, but good reports come from it of his excellence as a pastor, preacher and gentleman. Bro. Crittenden and wife owns a nice home in the vicinity of this city.



The home of "Alceo," Record 2:10, and "Templebar," Record 2:17.

F. I. HENSLY, Owner.

F. I. Hensly is the owner of "Alceo," a fine stallion, and "Templebar," a fine trotting record horse. He is the sire of some of the best horses in the country. Templebar is a fine stallion and is the sire of many of the best horses in the country. He is the owner of a large number of horses and is a well known horseman.

When he was on the turf he always won 9 to 10 of the races in which he started. His speed is not known. He was expelled from the association before his real speed was known. He holds the world record to high wheel sulky. Don't fail to see him at the horse show. Mr. Hensly his owner is strictly a horseman. Beside these

two stallions he owns several other well bred horses. He is also the proprietor of the Montgomery Groc. Co. store, fish market, restaurant and butcher shop on Main St. His business is a credit to the Negroes of this state. He owns a fine two story dwelling in the vicinity of Mt. Sterling, Ky.



REV. J. L. THOMPSON

Rev. J. L. Thompson is the pastor of the C. M. E. Church at Ripley, Ohio. He was born and reared in this county. He graduated from the city schools of this town. He then took a course in Theology at Lane's Institute, Tenn. He joined the C. M. E. conference, and continued to climb until he was admitted into full connection and placed on the itinerant list. His first charge was on the Grassy Ct. in this county. He made quite a reputation as a minister of the gospel. The conference then sent him to Ripley, Ohio, where he has charge at the present. Bro. Thompson can truly be classed with the progressive minister.



REV. J. L. THOMPSON

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The Finishing Touch

to a gentle's evening dress is faultlessly laundered linen. Society demands complete harmony of dress. Harmony of dress is impossible with the laundry work like some you may know of.

A Good Laundry

is known by its work. Our work is perfect, and that's why we are well, favorable known. Launder with us and be right.

Home Steam Laundry

We call special attention to our Optical Department, where everything is up to-date and guarantee to please you. Your eyes tested free and satisfaction assured. See our windows for the things that are new in Jewelry the latest creations are always to be found there. Have you seen those beautiful Back Combs the ladies are all wearing? Robinson has the brightest newest here to be found. Prices Reasonable.

ROBINSON THE JEWELER.

THE REPORTER

N. W. Magowan /
and
J. D. Magowan / Publishers



Saturday, April 14 1906

OBJECT

It is our object in this issue to show the bright side of the Negroes of Montgomery county and Mt. Sterling, while it may contain the cuts of some persons who are not in this town; and county strictly speaking this is the home and starting place of all of them except a few clergymen. It is not our intention to flatter them, but to simply give a true synopsis of the work of each individual from our personal knowledge. We are responsible for whatever is said about individuals or any cut. We are the sole authors of each autograph. It is also our aim in this issue to inspire our young people to higher and more ennobling ideals. We feel safe in saying Montgomery County in proportion to its population and area has been the birth place of as many men of honor and veracity and men who are now filling honorable positions as any other county with the same number of Negroes in this or any other state. The positions they now hold are sufficient proof for the above statement.

BISHOP LANE

Bishop Lane of the C. M. E. Conference preached at the C. M. E. Church in this city, last Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. He preached from St. Luke 10 and 20. "Notwithstanding rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." In his introductory remarks he spoke of the vain pomp and glory of this world, and how that men for the sake of earthly honor would go from one extreme to the other. Then coming to the text he referred to the disciples, as to how they gloried in the fact that the evil spirits subject to them; And how that our blessed Lord had them to understand that they were not to rejoice in any thing saving that their names were written in heaven. In his peroration he gave a very timely admonition to the members of the church and as to their conduct in this world. He is the Senior Bishop of the

church. His whole life has been given for the perpetuation and extension of the C. M. E. Church. He is highly respected by both white and black of all denomination as a perfect Christian gentleman and bishop.

LEE FISHER

Mr. Lee Fisher who's cut was to appear in this issue is the proprietor and owner of the most unique tonorial parlor for white in this town. It is not second to any in the State. It contains 5 chairs with all of the other shop paraphernalia to make it the shop of the State. Mr. Fisher has accumulated some of this world's goods yet he is an unassuming quiet gentleman. Whatever money he has accumulated he has put it to good use. He is not loud nor rash in his dealing with his fellowmen. He is always ready and willing to help and encourage a good cause. He owns a lovely home and completely furnished on East High St.

Rev. D. A. WALKER

Rev. D. A. Walker who's cut does not appear on account of being spoiled is the P. E. of the Mt. Sterling Dist. of the C. M. E. Churches. Bro. Walker has quite a reputation as a thorough christian gentleman. No preacher in this community is more highly respected by all than Bro. Walker. He has been a P. E. for a long time. His worth and influence to this community cannot be over estimated. He was a member of the Gen'l Conference of his church for many years. He was clerk of the Election in his voting precinct for several years. He owns a nice home on Willow St. He is identified with several organization of our people for good.



JAS. H. HATHAWAY

Jas. S. Hathaway is a funeral director and embalmer, in the city of Louisville, Ky. Where he is doing quite a nice business. The early part of his life was spent in this county, his birth place. Mr. Hathaway is an officer of the association of embalmers and funeral directors of the state of Kentucky. He is rated among the leading business men of the race, in the city of Louisville. He owns some very valuable property in the city of Louisville. Jas. from a boy up has always been a hustler. He never forgets his widowed mother.

EASTER EATABLES



Worthy goods, honestly represented, rightly priced, all pointing to one moral. Buy here.

PATTIES—Crisp, fresh and only 20c lb.

EGGS—From the farm only 15c Doz.

RADDISHES—To tickle the palate 5c bunch

BITTER—The best is our kind 25c lb.

PLACIDS—From California and most licious 20c can

SALAD DRESSING—On dash and there you are a party for common food dressing 20c bottle

RHUBARB—Home grown 10c bunch

ASPARAGUS TIPS 35c can

OLIVES—Attractive appetizers 15c bottle

BACON—Lean and fat mostly lean 15c lb

SALMON—Choice Columbia River steak 20c can

LIMONS—Sound perfect lemons 20c Doz.

REMEMBER WE GIVE 4 PER CENT DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

E. T. Hon



J. E. BEAN, A. P.

Prof. Jas. E. Bean is a graduate of the State Normal School of this state. After his graduation he taught in the city Schools of this city for several years. He was then elected to the principalship of Midway Public Schools where is now teaching. He is a notary public of Woodford Co. He was one of the first two Negro Councilmen to hold the office in this town. Prof. Bean is among that class of young men who believe that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. He and his family are living in Midway for the time being. When he was in this city he was always ready to assist his people along all lines of interest to them.



R. D. JOHNSON

R. D. Johnson is the proprietor and owner of the leading tonsorial parlor for White men in the town of Owiningsville. Mr. Johnson began his trade in this town several years ago. He ran a shop for colored here for a long time. He is also agent for the leading newspapers and magazines published. For many years was the leader and teacher of the Mt. Sterling Cornet Bands. He is quite a musician. Johnson has contributed very largely to the success of the Reporter. He was the first correspondent to write a line for its columns. Mr. Johnson has quite a loving wife and a sweet little girl.

Spring 1906 Summer Announcement

The first days of Spring bring thoughts of new clothes and new furnishings.

SPRING OPENING SALE

Not an opening, but an Opening Sale, for early shoppers we offer specially attractive values.

Quality is our Watchword

In every department of our big store we handle the best known and most approved lines. We endeavor to offer our customers goods of the highest quality and reasonable prices. We invite your inspection of our New Goods.

In soliciting your patronage for the coming season we have no hesitancy in saying that never in the history of this house has there been such a vast selection to choose from and we extend an invitation to all to visit this store and inspect our goods and compare our prices. Whether you contemplate a purchase or not you will be welcome and the goods will be shown with a willingness that will make your trip one of real pleasure.

Sincerely Yours,
S. M. NEWMAYER.
The Louisville Store

Special Agent
American Beauty Corsets.

Keith Konqueror Shoes.



BEN G. HAMILTON

Ben G. Hamilton is a plumber and a journey trade. He has worked for many years at his trade. For a long time he was the only Negro plumber in this town. During the "Natural Gas" fever in this town he has proven himself to be equal to any of the white plumbers who have been brought here by other merchants. He is at present in the employ of Jno. W. Williams, the leader in gas fixtures in this town. Mr. Hamilton also has some knowledge of carpentering and when plumbing is dull he works at the carpenter's trade. He owns a nice dwelling in the vicinity of the city.

City News

Rev. W. H. Brown who is conducting a revival for Eld. Richard in Carlisle reports progress.

Easter exercise at all of the churches in the city tomorrow.

The C. M. E. Church raised \$200.00 in their barrel rally last Sunday.

Charles Hamilton of Pittsburg is here visiting relations.

H. C. Liveritt was up to see his wife and parents last Sunday.

Mrs. Frances Davis is visiting her daughters in Louisville.

Rev. I. B. White, Bro. Robinson, Successor as pastor of the M. E. Church of this city made his first appearance in the city last Friday and preached his first sermon last Sunday. Bro. White is very affable and seems to be an intelligent Christian gentleman. We extend to him a cordial welcome to participate and partake of the pleasures, troubles and vexations of our city.

Mrs. J. L. Thompson returned to her home in Ripley, Ohio yesterday after spending two weeks in our city at the bedside of her sister.

Joe Hardy is very sick at his home in Smithville.

Easter Rally at Grassy Sunday.

Miss Sarah White is much improved.

Rev. J. T. Wheeler preached an excellent sermon at the C. M. E. Church Sunday afternoon.



Elder W. H. Brown

Eld. W. H. Brown is the pastor of the High Street Christian Church. It has a congregation of about 700 and a membership of 400. Brother Brown has pastored this church for several years. During his pastorate he has made many improvements on the edifice. It is now the most modern Christian Church in the state. Bro. Brown has proven in more than one way his interest in the people of Mt. Sterling. He is ready and willing at all times to help better the conditions of our people generally. He is at home in the pulpit. As a pastor his worth has been shown this congregation in a hundred ways. He is one of the foremost pastors the Christian churches. None is more extensively known in or out of the state.

E. W. Stockton The Tailor will enlarge any picture you bring to him free of charge if you will patronize him.

C. W. Lowery The Picture Man The photographer who has nearly all of the pictures who are in this issue. You'll go to see him when you want work of this kind done.

Mrs. Sarah French Brown visited Mrs. Caleb Chenault last week.

Joe Fletcher and Miss Anna Rizer were quietly married at the home of the bride Thursday April 12th. They are both industrious young people and we hope for them a bright future.

Samuel Cockrell and Miss Lula Wilson were quietly married at the home of the groom last Saturday night April 7th. They are both industrious young people and we hope for them a happy future.

We are recognized as the fashionable ladies' hatters of this community. Our guarantee as to correctness of style goes with every hat we sell.

MASTIN & ROBERTS

M. J. GOODWIN
Agent
FIRE, and TORNADO
INSURANCE



THE HIGH STREET CHURCH



Officers and Teachers of High Street Christian Church Sunday School

GABRIEL GATEWOOD, Supt

VIOLA YOUNG, Secy

OWEN LAUGHLIN & SON

Ranges cheaper than anybody.

Have them pipe your house for Gas and sell you a Gas

THE REPORTER.



THREE MARYS AT THE TOMB

N. W. and J. D. MAGOWAN,
Publishers.

EASTER MORN

Will test our every claim as fashion promoters. The originality of the garments from the House of WALSH BROS. will be in evidence in every gathering of well dressed men. Hundreds of suits have all ready left our counters and racks called to duty in the different walks of life to bring pleasure and comfort to our patrons.

Thousands still remain waiting your inspection. We want you to do us the honor to look.



Easter Neck Wear

In all the Newest colors and combinations.

25c, 50c and \$1.

Easter Hats

John B. Stetson

Knox.

Knox All

In the latest colors and shapes

1. to \$5.

Easter Shoes

The J. & M. Low and High cut,

The W. L. Douglass,

The Pelipse,

All ready for you to inspect and select from. Shiny and Dull Leathers.

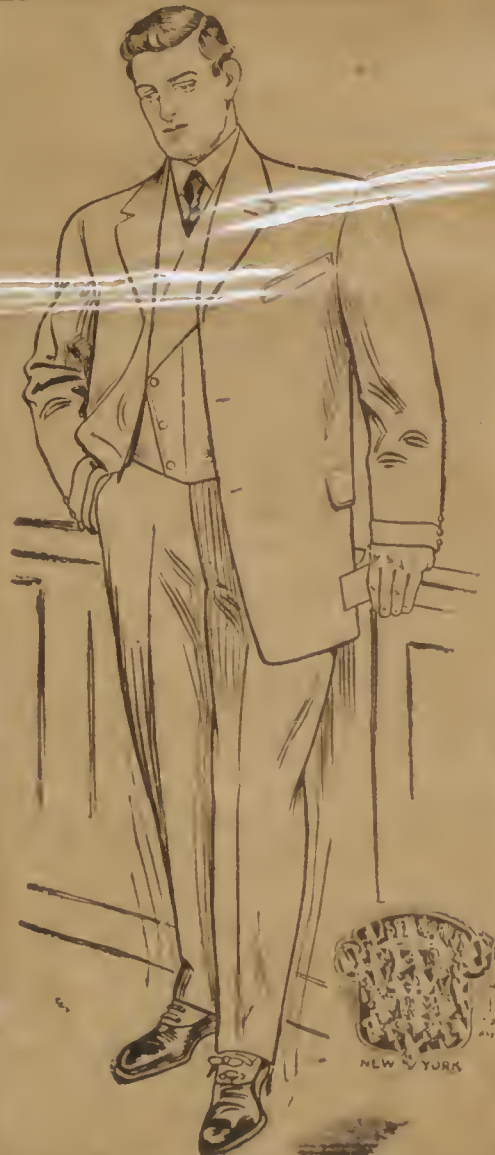
Easter Shirts

For day and night wear. Don't fail to see our stock.

50c up

See our EASTER WINDOWS. They give a pretty good idea of things within.

Everything MAN or BOY wears can be found here



Beautiful Druid Sack Suits, Beautiful Lipton Sack Suits, Beautiful English Sack Suits, Beautiful Saxon Sack Suits

in fashions favored fabrics, in colors becoming every occasion for day or evening dress.

Easter is just beyond. Remember we want you to see the new things whether you buy or not. We sell the best goods and newest styles at the same prices you will have to pay for common goods. Why don't you come here for your Spring Clothes.

EASTER SUITS in all the newest shades of Gray, Blacks and Blues; In single and double breasted; Made in the new Long Styles, with swell or center opening in the Coat; Big Hip Peg Top pants. We sell suits like these as low as

\$5., \$7.50, \$10., \$12.50, \$15.

Don't spend a Dollar till you see Our Styles.

WALSH BROTHERS

We do the business.

MT. STERLING,

KENTUCKY.

RING NUMBER TWO!

FOR QUALITY,
FOR QUANTITY,
FOR A SQUARE DEAL,
FOR FOUR PER CENT REBATE:

GO TO

Harry Linthecum's, The Corner Groceryman.

J. H. BRUNNER.

THE SHOEMAN

Has moved his SHOE STORE opposite the Odd Fellows



Building, two doors West of Montgomery National Bank.
A full line of men, women and children's shoes.
Fair dealing and good treatment.

100

The Mt. Sterling National Bank

Mt. Sterling. Ky.

Capital \$50,000.

Surplus and undivided Profits \$30,000.

Directors:---

J. G. TRIMBLE,

B. F. COCKRELL,

Wm. S. LLOYD,

C. D. GRUBBS,

J. A. VANSANT.

Your Account Solicited.

DAVID HOWELL, Cashier.